By CHARLES SLOAN REID.

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******* HE gleam of a pink frock far down the side of the mountain had caught Tom Awtry's eye, and he released the handle of the drag saw and sat down upon the log he was cutting. The sun showed little mercy to the shingle blocker, and Tom threw open his shirt front to invite the coolness of the breeze. His thoughts were pleasant, and they had been in that state for the past two weeks, ever since Tilly Martin had promised to become his wife. He now looked upon the old cabin with disgust. It was unfit for Tilly's occupancy. There must be a new one, and some good American dollars must be turned out of the shingle blocks before the thing could be accomplished. Under these circumstances time was precious, and the growth of the heap of sawdust at Tom's feet had a wonder ful value to his eyes. But the sight of that pink frock among the laurel leaves down there along the stream brought to him the temptation to lose at least one half hour out of the morning's Tilly was fishing, and with some suc

cess, for she was intensely interested and never once turned her face toward the side of the mountain above her where the sningle blocker was at work. Tom got up from the log and strode off toward the stream. The pink frock time, and Tom knew the fish were bit- saw, When within a dozen steps of the bank of the stream a smile of mis- | nably. chief passed his lips, and he turned his owinging gait into a creeping step and just behind Tilly, where she stood caught her by the arm, lifted her clear of the bank and dangled her form out fered. ever the water. Then there was a scream of fright that echoed down the gorge for a mile and started the pheasants from their hiding places among the undergrowth. But the scream had drawn back again and into the emlaughter followed that of the scream.

But when the moment of surprise had passed and Tilly had glanced up inte Tom's face her checks went from the white light of fear to the danger signal of anger, and she broke from his arms and stood at bay against the trunk of a poplar. Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously, while two tears | the cabin and sat upon the low veranglistened in her eyes. Tom took a step da in front of the house. A terrible



THERE WAS A SCREAM OF FRIGHT. backward and allowed his chin to rest on his breast, crushed by the reproach of Tilly's eyes.

"Tilly, I-l-are ye mad with me?" Tilly caught her lower lip between her teeth and remained silent, her fin-

gers working nervously. "For heaven's sake, Tilly, tell me ye

ain't mad, so I can look up again!" But nothing came from Titly save the sound of her still labored breathing. Tom's head remained bowed, and he waited a moment. The waters of the stream swished against the rocks. but the music of it did not at that moment appeal to the shingle blocker.

The cry came from the depths of his soul, and the tone of it seemed of caveraous origin. But there was only silence for an answer, and it cut into his heart like an edged tool. If he had taken a moment to consider how frightened she would be, this awful situation might have been avoided. But it was too late to think of that now. A weakness selzed Tom's limbs, and, with head still bowed, he sank to his knees, with his hands outstretched Impleringly.

"Tilly!" His voice was weaker, and the sadness of his tone was surely enough to declare the fullness of his repentance.

"Tilly, ye're too pure an' sweet, an' yer heart's too good for ye not to forgive me." But the unshed tenrs still glistened

in Tilly's eyes, her cheeks still glowed with the red fire of her vexation, her heart still stormed in her bosom, and she made no answer.

"An' ye won't forgive me, Tilly?" This time he had raised his eyes to-

ering lower lip. "I-I'll never forgive ye, Tom Awtry. So there! An' don't ye ever speak to

Catching up her apron, Tilly wiped the tears from her cheeks and turned quickly into the trail that led along

the edge of the stream. Tom stood mo-

tionless and stared after her until the last vestige of the pink frock was burled from view among the interminable green of the laurel's foliage. Then, with his hat in his hand, he turned back up the hill toward his work. Slowly he went. The slow machinery of his brain was trying to bring out a clear realisation of all that had happened. A choking sensation was struggling for a grip of his windpipe, and he tore away his shirt collar well down upon his shoulders. The plans for the new cabin now mocked him in his thoughts, and scattered to the winds was all the promised happiness of a lifetime, and all this for a little prank of mischief.

Meanwhile Tilly had wandered from the laurel path and had climbed a bowlder whence she could look back over the bluff, and she watched Tom climbing the mountain. Her anger was passing away, and already she regretted her impulsive speech. But

"Poor Tom?" she murmured, shading her eyes and peering through the timber. "Oh, he's so big an' strong! I'm just like a child in his hands. An'an' even if he had dropped me into the water it would not have been anything but a wettin' for me-an' I have gone an' played such a fool! Poor

She sat down on the rock and cover "An' I told him never to speak to

me again. I wonder if he will think I meant it sure 'nough.'

A deep, audible sob came now, and Tilly's small body swayed from side to side. Presently her ears caught the swish of the drag saw far up the mountain, and she knew Tom had gone back to work.

There was never a pause except for the few seconds required to change the saw for a new cut. At last the dinner horn sounded from over the stream, and Tilly went home. In the afternoon she came back to the bowlhad remained motionless for some der to listen to the sound of Tom's

Swish, swish, swish, intermi-

Tom stopped no more to rest, as he had been wont to do occasionally. moved stealthily forward until he was There was a flerceness in the stroke and a rapidity of motion that accomwatching the bobbing of the line. Tom plished wonders. It was work, work now, no matter what the muscles suf-

Tilly sat and listened through the whole afternoon. Oh, would be never stop one minute to rest his tired arms? At last the sun sank below the crown hardly escaped her lips when she was of the mountain, and when the shadow of night fell upon Tilly she drew a brace of Tom, and the echo of his long breath of relief. But not until the last moment of the twilight was spent did the sound of the drag saw cease.

> way along the trail that led through the laurel. An hour later the moon rose, and its

white light outlined many a weird shadow on the rocks. Tilly stole out of feeling of loneliness came over her. Tom had been coming almost every night to sit for an hour with her, to tell her every few minutes how much he loved her, to toy with her fingers and occasionally touch his lips to her forehead. Now he would not come. He would never come again. Maybe he would go away soon-out west, somewhere. A moan of intense heartsickness escaped Tilly's lips, and she looked toward the moon for pity. Then presently a sound came to her ear: from far away over the stream. It was faint, but clear.

Swish, swish, swish, swish! Tilly bowed her face in her hands, and the tears scalded her fingers as

How the faint and faraway sound cut upon her ears! After awhile a man came to the door of the cabin from the inside.

"Tilly, what air ye settin' out here so

"Nothin'? Well, then, I'd shore go to bed. Hello, what's that?"

Swish, swish, swish, swish! "Dinged if Tom Awtry ain't a-cuttin' shingle blocks by moonlight. Means to build that new cabin purty soon, I reckon, Tilly."

"Well, Tom's not comin' here tonight.

gal." said the man, "so ye'd as well go

opening and listened.

Swish, swish, swish, swish! The sound smote upon her sense with sickening clearness, and she sank to her kneek, dropping her head upon the window sill. A little later she went to

other, and Tilly's misery deepened with the dawn of each succeeding one, and especially since she could see from her place on the bowlder the growing weakness of the man who loved her. At so great a distance even she could see that he had grown-pale, and once or twice she had seen him stumble over triffes and catch at the saw frame for support. Saturday came, and Tilly welcomed the day. The next day

But late in the afternoon of Satursunk away from the handle and fallen to his knees. From the bowlder Tilly saw this and started forward. Ther she stopped and retraced her steps, though for a moment she covered her eves with her hands. When she looked again Tom was creeping and stumbling toward the cable a hundred yards away from where he had been at work. Tilly watched him until the door was closed behind him; then she plunged into the laurel and sped along

the trail toward home. Sunday she went a number of times to the bowlder, whence she could see Tom's cabin, but not once was the door opened during the day. Monday the drag saw stood idle where the shingle blocker had left it. And now a new source of uneasiness came to Tilly. The silent, deserted look of Tom's cabin filled her with fear. It was not that she feared Tom had gone away. The unfinished work, the half



ON THE PLOOR-LAY TOM. cut shingle block and the disorder of things told her that he had not gone. Tom was ill-or-Tilly clutched at her

Tom could not be dead. Tuesday Tilly crept through the laurel, passed the base of the bowlder first car go by with a great deal of inand went on slowly, but unbesitatingly, up the side of the mountain toward the cabin where Tom lived alone.

temples to stay the throbbing. No.

As she neared the cabin she quickened her step. Had she waited too long? Ob. if Tom would only speak to her when she rapped at the door! She stood a full minute with her small knuckles poised to strike the rough boards. Her heart beat tumultuously and her knees grew weak as she thought of what might have happened in that cabin.

At last the knuckles fell upon the board, and a faint, hollow tattoo echoed from the interior. But no other sound came in answer. A terrible sense of horror fell upon Tilly, and a quick fever parched her lips and tongue. Then suddenly her knuckles beat a long nervous rattle upon the door, and, bowing her head against the board. she moaned:

"Oh. Tom!" A moment elapsed, then-"Tilly, Tilly," came faintly from under the door.

With an exuberant joy Tilly reached for the latchstring, and the door swung Inward. On the floor, with his head near the doorway, lay Tom. His face was sunken and sallow, and his eyes seemed far back in his head. Tilly clasped her hands and stood looking down upon him, that sickness of soul which had characterized her feelings for the last week again coming upon-"Tom, ye've been lyin' here since

Saturday, ain't ye?" Tilly dropped by his side and took one of his hands in hers.

"An' it's all my fault, Tom. I heard yer saw goin' day an' night an' never stoppin', an' I was 'feared it was com-

"No. Tilly: It was all my fault. 1-1 didn't think it would scare ye so. An' arter what I'd done an' ye would not forgive me an' told me never to speak to ye again I had to work hard to forgive me now, Tilly?"

Tilly raised Tom's head on her arm and laid her cool fingers upon his brow.

"I forgive ye afore I got home, Tom, but I didn't want to go back an' tell for a moment or two in silence and ye. An'-an', Tom, if ye knowed how then said: I been feeling about it ever since I reckon ye'd forgive me."

"Forgive ye, Tilly? It's like-like takin' a peep into paradise to have ye One of Whittier's Admirers. back again. An' now when I get a leetle stronger we'll have that new cabin."

"Never mind the new cabin, Tom. The old one is good enough for the likes o' me. An' now I'm goin' to help ye to bed an' get ye somethin' to eat."

"I'm a lot better now, Tilly. I jest had a dizziness somehow. But I'm sot on havin' the new cabin." "Well, then, we'll have it, an' I'll

bless every log ye touch." Tilly kissed him. And just then the sun, coming from behind a cloud, threw its warm glow through the doorway and across the cabin floor

> When Katy Did. Underneath September skies. Ere the lengthening summer flies. Katydld her warning notes From the treetops ever quotes-Warning of the coming frost. When the bloom will all be lost

"Katydid, she did, she didn't." Then I mind me of the night When within the moonbeams light, Years ago, my Kate and I Underneath September sky Walked together side by side Katydid as ever cried Warning, summer will be o'er,

Time for winter's frost and boar; Roses from the summer gay; So, before it was too late. Quick I leaned me toward my Kate.

And-Katy says she didn't.
But Kadydid, she did, she did.
-Pannic C. Whitefield in Chicago Record-

What We're Coming To. When William Taft is president, heigho. in nineteen nine. How styles will change! No one of us

will then train down too fine. Horse jockeys will begin to stuff, and ere they go their rounds Each one will have to tip the scale at full two hundred pounds.

May Irwin will not have to bant in one

continuous Lent,
But she can waddle out and sing when Taft is president. Thin men of every shape and size will hide themselves away.

All hollow checks will be tabooed, all

diets will be passee; All hatchet faces will be mobbed. Each girl we love must be So fat she'll quiver in our arms in rotund

ecstasy.

Round bellied aeronauts must steer balloons they represent,
All cooks must sleep in double beds when Taft is president.

porations too.

No one will dare to worry, though in debt

we'll gayly amile; We might lose flesh by worry, and we

-Tom Masson in Judge.

How the Old Man Spelled It.

"Look here, Charley," said one young sollegian to another who had been isked to run his eye over a letter which his friend had written to his father in which there was the inevitable request for money, "you've spelled jug

"I know," said Charley, "but, you ree, I need the cash and don't want the old man to think I'm putting on tirs. That's how he spells it."

A TRAGEDY. That's bim thar on his coffin in the cart, An' that's his wife a creepin' in the crowd, 'way off, an' weepin'.
Oh, the law is jest a-breakin' of her

That's him thar on the scaffol', See! He

Thar's a woman thar a-heidin'.
Of the hands they'll soon be foldin'.
An' the tears is jest a-rainin' down her

That's him thar in the coffin, lyin' low, An' the woman-first to love him An' the last to bend above him mother-but 1 reckon you would now. - Frank L. Stanton.

Emancipated the Mule.

When the mule cars in Jack onville, Fig., were replaced with modern electries, an old time darky watched the

"Um-m-pah dem Yankees sho is cuyus folks," he mused. "Fus' dey cum down var en 'mancipate de nigger, den dey cum down en 'mancipate de mule."

He Couldn't Oblige Her.

An American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat pleased in a western hetel when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose without saying a word. He received a note the following day reminding him of the incident and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theater In which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," he wrote in reply, "I should be glad to send you the sents you ask for; but, on consultation with the manager of the theater, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenits."-Ladies' Home Journal.

Helped the Mayor Out.

An imposing cemetery was about to be opened in a western town. The mayor, who had charge of the laying out of the grounds, was puzzled for an appropriate inscription to put over the ga e. Riding along in his automolifle one day, he was cogitating over different holy texts, so he explained his diffi ulty to his chauffeur. "What would you suggest?" he asked. "We have come to stay," was the

Where She Should Live.

"What under the sun," asked a father of his daughter who wanted her to make a match with a young man who e only qualification was the possession of a goodly fortune-"what earthly objection can you possibly find grievance." to Mr. Spriggins?"

"He has habits" replied the daughkeep from thinkin' about it all. Do ye tor, "which I detest! When I marry I A lady accosted a little girl who was ed off before the plague patients were drink, swear, belong to clubs, play cards, stay out late or go motor-

The father looked at his daughter

"My child, you are but a stranger here; heaven is your home."

An admirer of Whittier's works was granted an interview and talked inrespantly for o er an hour. In speak ing of the patient'y endured Laffiction to a friend the poet paused for a moment and then added, with the suggestion of a smile, "And all the time he called me 'Whitaker.' "

Jefferson Didn't Know.

The home of Joseph Jefferson at Ruzzards Bay was not far from the Wareham road. Some years ago when certain ladies affected the bloomer costune when riding bieveles Jefferson enme upon a lady in such a garb who had evid nilv mistaken her road. As Mr. Jefferson approached she usked: "Will you kindly tell me if this is

the way to Wareham?" "Well," said Mr. Jefferson, "I'm sure I don't know; it's the first time I've ever seen any."

No Time For Conundrums.

During the war a teamster with the Cumberland army got stuck in the mud and let fly a stream of profane epithets. A chaplain passing at the time was greatly shocked.

"My friends said he, "do you know who died for sinners?"

"Datan your consudrums! Don't you see I'm stuck in the mud?"

It was at a banquet. A rule had been agreed upon to the effect that every person called upon for a toast must respond with speech, song or story. As a last number on the improvised programme, a retiring sort of chap was called upon to do his Durt. "I-I can't make a sp-speech." he

stammered, "b-but I heard that fleas could be trained to do tricks, and some time ago I tried to train one. Would you care to see him?" A place was cleared off in the center

of the snowy tablecloth, and in the infidile the owner set the small pillbox he had taken from his vest pocket. trainer eafled out:

"Jump out, Henry!" Henry jumped "Play dead, Heary!" Henry played

dead to perfection. "Lie down and roll over, Henry!" Henry did so. "Jump backward, Henry!" Henry

"Jump forward, Henry!" Henry jumped forward with such enthusiasm that he landed meon one of the ladles. Quite a search was necessary before

Henry could be recovered from the lady's clothing, but finally the black mite was retaken and set in his ac-

"Jump through there, Henry!" Henry didn't move.

"Henry, I say, jump through there!"

Still nothing doing.
"Henry, jump through there, I tell you!" Still the most abandoned dis-

obedience. The flea trainer bent low above his pet and looked at him a moment intently. Then straightening up, with a look of relief on his face he said to the woman from whom the flea had been taken:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but that's not my Henry."-Lippincott's.

Jenny's Problem. A little girl stood at her mother's knee and from the expression of her face was evidently evolving some knot-

ty problem. "What is it, Jenny?" asked the mother.

"Mamma," said the child seriously "If I grow up and marry, shall I have a husband like papa?"

There was a long pause. Then the youngster asked: "And if I don't marry, shall I grow up to be like Aunt Susan?"

Then the little girl put her bands to her head and said in a tone of despair, "Well, I am in a fix!"

Wanted to Be Obliging.

"Yes. dear, I hope so."

A indy visitor, wishing to be polite to the little son of her host at table, said:

"What a pretty dimple you have, Benny!" "You think that's a pretty dimple?"

said the boy. "Mamma, can I show the lady the one on my stomach?"-Ladies' Home Journal. Detailed For Bantism At the beginning of the civil war

Colonel Brown and Colonel Smith were raising regiments in Wisconsin. One day Colonel Smith's chapiain paid a visit to Colonel Brown. On leaving he stated that the cause of religion was prospering in Colonel Smith's regiment: that no longer ago than the last Sabbath day he baptized ten of Colonel Smith's men "Sergeant major," exclaimed Colo-

nel Brown, "make a detail of fifteen men to go and be baptized. I'll be blamed if I allow Colonel Smith's regiment to get ahead of mine in point of religion."

Wanted a Permanent Grievance. An Irish landlord returning home after an absence of several weeks saw one of his tenants sitting on a stone wall whistling away to his heart's content. The moment that he greeted

him, however, the man scowled and

began abusing him. "Why, what's the matter, Pat?" "Matter enough when your stheward

"Evicted you! What for?" wanted repairing, and as Oi wouldn't

let him in, shure, he put me out." "Never mind, Pat. I hear the cottage you have always wanted is vacant, and county hospital, which is on the out-I'll let you have that at the same

rent." "No, thanking your honor, I couldn't think of it." "But why not? What is to hinder

you?" "No, your honor; Ol'd rather have me

How She Got In.

want a husban I who does not smoke, entering one of the fashionable New Installed. York flats where she knew the rules! A correspondent visited this tempowere exceedingly strict and, after some | rary hospital recently with several govlittle conversation said:

these flats? I thought they would not one that comes to few medical men

take in children. How did you get even outside of San Francisco and the "Why." replied the child, "I was ing, white capped nurse admitted the borned in."

Not Needed In H's Business.

thought to accomplish good in a round- tion of their faces, with antiseptic about way. "George Cullen," said he, "I am afraid times are hard with you. Now,

and you could buy a good pig, which, fattened, would be far more valuable." "An' wouldn't I look fine goin' rattin' wi' a pig."

"A Devil of a Show." A Massachusetts town recently inamong the visiting rural population of 1907 is written their names will destill come to a standstill when the

cars go by. One countryman was watching the other day as a trolley car, with a cases and twenty deaths. Fourteen pacrowd on board, whirled up the hill and dashed by. He asked a bystander

where it came from. "Down by the depot," was the reply. "Goshermity, they mus' hev give her a devil of a shuy!" he exclaimed.

Fresh Eggs In Winter.

The poultryman who can supply fresh eggs in winter, when prices are high, has a tremendous advantage over the one who through ignorance or neglect has to wait till summer, when the supply is large. Not every one can do this, and no one can do it unless he takes proper care of his fowls and gives them food containing the essential egg producing ingredients which when running at large, they can supply themselves to a large extent in sum mer. There is no better substitute for winter use than "Page's Perfected Poultry Food." H: E. Hathaway of Farnham, Que., has used it. Read Perfected Poultry Food' and think it is the best I have ever seen."

Any one sending his address on postal card to C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vt., and mentioning this paper, will receive by mail, free, postpaid, a sample package of "Page's Perfected Poultry Food."

Japanese Railway Work.

Two Canadian companies have received orders from Japan for 5.000,000 feet of lumber for the building of 1,000 cars to be used on the rallway running northward from Dainy through Man-

July 1977

Golden Gate City Now Battling less mystery about the With Bubonic Plaque.

COVERNMENT RENDERING AID

Captain Rupert Blue In Charge of the Work of Combating the Dread Oriental Scourge - How the Disease Spreads and How It Is Treated.

On top of the many trials and tribulations which have befallen the Golden Gate City since the earthquake of eighteen months ago there comes now the dread bubonic plague. It is the climax of an extended period of bad luck, but San Francisco refuses to look upon it as the last straw, and there is

no sign of a broken back. "This must be the end. There can be nothing worse," remark the loyal citizens who have stood so much at

They shrugged their shoulders when the truth was broken to them as gently as possible by their efficient board of health and straightway set about combating the dread oriental scourge. writes a special correspondent of the New York Tribune. They are certain they will conquer it as they did the many acres of devastation left by fire and earthquake; that they will eradicate it as they are rooting out the even more insidious plague of municipal corruption.

Washington lost no time in coming to San Francisco's aid. The recognized plague authority in the service is hospital showed signs Captain Rupert Blue, who was in eruption which gives the charge of the health and sanitation of its popular name. Itthe Jamestown exposition. In twentyfour hours he was hurrying west, followed by Dr. Rucker, who had been in caused much suffering charge of the health exhibit at the exposition, and by other surgeons from various parts of the country. Two of-ficers who had just returned from the Philippines were intercepted by telegraph at Seattle and, foregoing the anticipated pleasure of "leave" with their families in the east, hurrled to San Francisco.

Soon Dr. Blue had a force of twelve government surgeous, augmented by an equal number of San Francisco doctors with plague experience, who were temporarily attached to the service as acting assistant surgeons. The working force now includes forty sanitary inspectors and 250 laborers.

An agreement has been reached between the government and the city authorities dividing the expenses. The United States will pay the experienced plague fighters, while San Francisis afther evicting me, bad luck to co will pay the wages of the laborers and furnish all materials during the fight, which Dr. Blue does not believe "The ould liar pretinded me cabin can be finally ended for eighteen months.

> The city's temporary plague hospital was established on the grounds of the skirts of the mission district. A stockade of corrugated iron was built around one of the outer buildings of the hospital, leaving room for thirty or forty tents for plague patients and suspected cases. As rats are recognized as the principal medium for carrying the disease, this stockade was sunk several feet into the ground, and the rodents within the stockade were kill-

ernment and local surgeons. It was an "How does it come that you live in experience not soon to be forgotten and government epidemic service. A smilvisiting party to the stockade through a barred door. In a frame building in the center of the shudy lot were the An Irish clergyman wandering over laboratory, klichen and living quarters the fields one quiet Sunday afternoon for nurses and doctors. There other saw a young fellow well known to him young women, cheerful and smiling by reputation, accompanied by a flerce despite the fact that their days and looking bull terrier. He was evidently nights are spent with the "black engaged in the reprehensible sport of death" all about them, fled the visitors "ratting." The clergyman, observing into insect proof canvas robes and the ragged appearance of the man, swathed their heads, with the excep-

towels. There were ten of these young women, and each of them volunteered for if you would mend your ways you the plague service with full knowledge could mend your clothes. That dog is that the death penalty might be exprobably worth something. Sell him, acted before her work was finished. Up to the time the plague pavilion was established they were under training in the county hospital, getting \$8. \$10 and \$12 a month, according to the length of service. Their wages have not been increased for the plague service, but they are not complaining. stalled a trolley system. Pedestrians When the history of the plague fight

serve a high place in the honor roll. At the time of the visit to the plague hospital there had been thirty-five tients, the majority of them women and children, were fighting with the fread disease or slowly recovering from its ravages. All had been treated with injections of Yersim serum, which is steadily lowering the death rate of s disease that not long ago was considered incurable. The patients lay on neat cots, two in a tent, with the exception of one large tent, in which were a mother and three small children. The tents were carefully screened against insects, and as plenty of air is necessary to successful treatment they served admirably.

In the first tent visited lay two sisters in the third day of their struggle for life. They were young women from a family in fair circumstances. One of the young women had been employed as a stenographer in one of the big railroad offices. They lived with their father, who was a city employee. The source of infection of the what he says: "I have tried 'Page's sisters was a mystery until one of them happened to mention that her uncle had recently died after an illness of two days of what the doctor pronounced quick pneumonia. His widow had come to the home of the two young women, and a day or so later both had been taken ill, and plague symptoms speedily manifested them-

Investigation showed that there had been a mistaken diagnosis in the case of the uncle. He had died from the plague, and his widow in all probability had carried infected flens to the other home without being bitten.

In a neighboring tent lay two young-

charts planted over the how desperate had I-with the poison, 72 tion of the brothers. no known plague room of their home, a refug-

mission district. "I want you to the were and what you did : you were taken sletwho is in charge of the city and who is an error

fighter. The oldest law with flery red hair, wikles stood out with girl in contrast with his gave a record of a of his age.

"Did you play are other place where then be rats?" asked the days At the mention of rate in lighted up.

"We found a big day," he declared. "West awhile."

"Then what did to asked the doctor. "We had a funera was the answer, which of this infection.

The physicians for rat had been buried or up. Examination shows died from the plague of that the boys had been which left the dead had polson. All this was a brothers, and there are to who will never again it.

Few of the plague would be little substal. black marks. Swotlen g dence but in nearly a liberal administration prevented any breaking glands and those who road to recovery will not The doctors who are

plague run grienter elother epidende work it. has to contend with the car there are no playing g man has vellow ferer chance in a thousand of its baying the disease. In ... the vellow fever expens It is impossible to be a second time. An attack of gives functinity for a belief edly indefinite period A is generally fatal.

Every possible prec

tors from the disease.

have submitted to the tion of injections of Y This makes them exceed several days and frequently lent eruptions. It beaves stiff for a week or more Heved to extend a sort of homes Lincoln's Cabin In G and Core

The famous log rabbilonged to President Lin bought by Mrs. Russell Sage for Sale 000. It is to be placed in a glass rast and thus preserved forever CRANDTRUN

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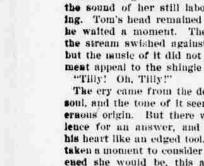
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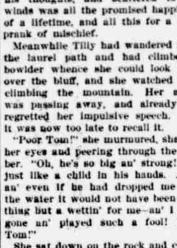
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ward hers and waited. Under his gaze the two unshed tears slipped from the girl's eyes and hung upon her cheeks, and her white teeth released the quiv-



ed her face with her apron.

Swish, swish, swish, swish! Tilly sat for an hour and listened.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

Tilly crept home again, picking her

they fell from her eyes. Swish swish swish swish!

late about?" He looked down upon the girl from the doorway. "Nothin', dad," was the answer.

Tilly struggled to suppress the sob that rose in her throat.

"I'm goin' in a minute." Tilly's minute lasted an bour, and the sound of the drag saw had not ceased when she went to bed. Late in the night, sleepless, she crept to the window, thrust her head out through the

sleep in this position and did not wake until the first peep of dawn. The day passed, and another and an-

would be Sunday and Tom must rest. day the drag saw stopped. Tom had

> The corporations will not be confined to just a few, But all the common people will have cor-

wouldn't be in style.

And, though hard times are coming and we're broke, we'll still present we're broke, we'll still present Our joyful curves to all the world when

The -Scrap Book